

2Pac Lyrics

"Mama's Just A Little Girl"

(feat. Kimma Hill)

Young mothers (that's right)
I feel ya (hey)
I know how it is
Mama's just a little girl (just a little girl)
Don't nobody understand
I feel ya

[2Pac:]

She was born a heavy set girl with pigtails and curls
A heart full of gold, still it won't change the world
Though she could never understand why
Some underhanded plans witnessed a man die
Was only fifteen, should have been a beauty queen, still
See her cryin' by the caskets when her parents got killed
Little girl don't cry, cuz even though they died
You can best believe they're watchin' over thee from the sky
Never asked for this misery, but look at what you're gettin'
It's a blessin' in disguise when you find out you're pregnant
No money, no home, and even though you're all alone
You gots to do this on your own, so baby gone
I wish you luck and if you need me, call
Just come to me and let me feed you all
I can understand the way it feels when you're fightin' the world
Facin' all this drama when Mama's just a little girl

[Kimma Hill:]

Mama don't know why
Mama's just a little girl
Livin' if she is or not
Time ain't on her side
Cause Mama's just a little girl (Mama's just a little girl)
She gotta hold her head up high

[2Pac:]

At sixteen
What a beautiful thing, the very essence of a jet-black ebony queen
And who could tell she'd get pregnant at an early age? (what?!)
She didn't listen, had sex, watch her belly raise (hey)
Got violated by someone she dated
If this is fate, I'd hate to see the seeds she created, and so we waited
Though it takes time to build a body and a mind
She reclines nine months then finally it's time
What do we find? Little growin' boy of mine
With a tortured soul, addicted to a life of crime
Had no time for the growin' stage
He learned his values on the streets at an early age
Watch for police, don't come home (why?)
Cuz Mama's actin' crazy at the hospit-al
'Bout to have another baby

Like a rose from the concrete, growin' within
Blessed with twins how the hell can Mama raise three men?
So we began, closest family, such insanity
A happy home, from one act of inhumanity
Plus Mama said the seed was corrupted
Used to rub Her belly, beggin' us to breathe and she'd loved us
Now, Mama, sits quiet, sippin' peppermint Schnapps
Turned the house into a spot and made her watch for cops (hey)
How could Mama bring a thug like me in this world?
She ain't the cause of all the drama
Cause Mama's just a little girl

[Kimma Hill:]

Mama don't know why (stupid motherfuckers don't know)
Mama's just a little girl
Livin' if she is or not
Time ain't on her side
Cause Mama's just a little girl (Mama's just a little girl)
She gotta hold her head up high
(How could she raise us)

[2Pac:]

Now, will she remain in the same spot?
The gunshots rang, they came from the 'caine spot
Now, look here, I see her clutchin' her son in her arms, she's hurt
Her heart bleeds, now she watched her seed die in the dirt
Fulfilled prophecy
But who could stop the grief I walk around, tryin' to hold the world, up on top of me
I'd probably be an innocent man, still I'm the victim of a curse
What could be worse? Nothing but pain, since my birth
Only functions at the Pen', cuz everybody's in
Payin' back society, I'm guilty of a life of sin
I watch the drama occur, my eyes blur before I jetted
I wonder why we all have to die 'fore we get it
Though we shed tears, so many peers I've done buried
Worried and scared, knowin' I'ma see the cemetery
Must be prepared, in this cold world, no one cares
No! It ain't fair, but we all bear and do our share
In this land of the underhanded schemes and plans
Vivid dreams of a nigga havin' G's in hand
Mama told me not to be a punk
Fuck what you talkin' about, coward, what you niggas want? (hey)
There ain't a thing I wouldn't do for my Mama in this world
Cause you know I ain't mad at cha, you're just a little girl (Heyheyy)
Hell naw, (that's right) see mama's just a little girl (Mama's just a little girl)

[Kimma Hill:]

Mama don't know why
Mama's just a little girl (Mama's just a little girl)
Livin' if she is or not
(y'all ain't facin' all this drama cause mama just a little girl)
Time ain't on her side
Cause Mama's just a little girl (Mama's just a little girl)
She gotta hold her head up high

[2Pac:]

They ask us why we mutilate each other like we do
And wonder why we hold such little worth for human life (Facin' all this drama, when mama's just a little girl)
To ask us why we turn from bad to worse, is to ignore from which we came (Mama's just a little girl)
You see, you wouldn't ask why the rose that grew from the concrete had
Damaged petals
On the contrary, we would all celebrate its tenacity
We would all love its will to reach the sun
Well, we are the roses (we are the roses)
This is the concrete (this is the concrete)
And these are my damaged petals (these are my damaged petals)
Don't ask me why (don't ask why)
Thank God, nigga (thank god)
Ask me how (Ahahaha)
You see, mama's just a little girl
Mama (hey)...
Mama...

Thanks to dziga for adding these lyrics.